

"Your Own Canoe."

It is good to be kin to the noble and great,
It's good to be heir to a vast estate,
But 'tis better yet, I think,—don't you?—
To be able to "paddle your own canoe."

To smile on the humble as well as the great,
For dead men's shoes never care to wait;
But strive to be useful and brave and true,
And be proud to "paddle your own canoe."

A NIGHT IN THE STORM.

"Help! help!"

Weird and wailingsounded the terrified appeal, borne upon the whistling wind through the heavily falling rain. over the level, sodden marsh, until the despairing cry was swallowed up by the growing storm.

Over the rugged, rock-strewn ascent until, repelled by the frowning cliff above, the agonized shriek, weirdly distorted by the whirling, tossing tempest, came back to the ears of the one whose lips gave it utterance as though mocking her dire extremity.

Again the cry was whirled by the fierce wind across the lowland, through which was doggedly plodding a dripping horse, whose head, like that of its rider, was bent low against the pelting rain and the cold, biting wind; nor did the appealing cry pass unheeded. The horse abruptly halted, and both heads were uplifted in eager listening.

The pause was not of long duration. Once more the terror-stricken voice rang out, this time with unmistakable distinctness.

"A woman—in trouble!" cried the traveler, striking his armed heels into the horse's flanks.

Sinking deep into the spongy, porous soil, now little better than a bog, the willing animal plunged along the flooded road, pausing only when the fore feet touched the edge of the turbid, swollen stream that flowed along the base of the rocky precipice beyond.

The horseman peered eagerly through the pelting, blinding storm, protecting his eyes with one hand.

He could see nothing but the whirling water, streaked here and there with foam, dotted with driftwood, with sodden logs, with trees, the leafy tops and bristling roots of which told how lately they had been undermined by the treacherous flood.

And as he gazed, breathlessly, a choking, strangling cry guided his eyes.

Near the centre of the stream stood a single sturdy pile, sole remnant of the bridge for which the traveler had been heading.

Pressed close to this he now saw a white, terrified face—the face of a fair young girl, whose arms were clasped around the slippery post with a grip of despair, as she cried—

"Save me—for the love of heaven!"

The traveler uttered an encouraging shout. Bending over he cut the martingales, then hastily knotted the reins loosely upon the horse's neck.

He cast a hasty glance up the river, and saw that the coast was comparatively clear. Then he cried, aloud—

"I will come for you. When I shout now, turn around the post and trust all to me."

A faint cry came back in token that he was understood, and, fearing to wait long, he made the truly desperate venture.

Though snorting and trembling with fear the good horse was too well trained to disobey its master, and, at the encouraging cry, he plunged forward, floundering through the treacherous mud of the overflowed bank.

Then the edge of the customary bank gave way beneath him, and they were plunged headlong into the swiftly moving waters.

A low cry of despair broke from the girl's lips as her last hope seemed to vanish, but then she saw the horse and its rider reappear, head towards her, and gallantly breast the powerful current to regain the advantages lost by that unfortunate plunge.

It was indeed a hard task, but the good horse proved equal to it, aided by the steady hand and encouraging voice of its master.

At last—it seemed an age—the pile was neared, and the young man shouted aloud the signal.

With a blind faith the maiden allowed the current to sweep her around the post, and in an instant was torn from her hold by the hungry waters.

But a strong hand closed upon her arm, and held her head above the surface.

A sharp cry broke from his lips as he again lifted his eyes.

A huge tree, with wide spread branches, was bearing swiftly down upon them—was within its own length before discovery, even less than the distance to the nearest shore.

But one minute—one half-minute later—and the good horse would have borne them to safety.

Gallantly he struggled—but in vain. Still swifter came the drift—almost graz-

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877.

NUMBER 25.

ing them as it swept along.

Then, with an almost human cry, the horse whirled swiftly round and sank beneath the turbid waters.

A sunken limb had struck his legs from under him.

Wisely the traveler had freed his feet from the stirrups, and though the struggles of his horse carried him under, he did not lose his grasp on the girl's arm, and quickly fought his way to the surface.

Tossing the dripping hair from his eyes, he took in the situation at a glance.

The furious current had swept them past the one practicable landing place upon the nearest side of the stream. The opposite bank no human being could have gained at that point. By an abrupt bend in the river the current swept across to the southern shore, beating fiercely against the rocky wall.

There was little time for thought. The man had just long enough to realize their peril, to change his position so that he might save the girl from the shock at his own expense, when the tumbling waters hurled them violently against the rocky wall.

How it was accomplished the young man could never tell, but a few seconds later the young couple were crouching upon a narrow ledge of rock, almost blinded by the spray that dashed over them, only saved from being torn from their precarious foothold by the fierce wind that fairly pinned them to the wall.

The twilight was fast waning, but it lasted long enough for the young man to assure himself that there was no method of escape from the ledge save by plunging into the angry flood at their feet.

"Courage!" he said, pressing the little hand that clung to his arm. "At least our lives are saved."

"If the storm would only break! but if it keeps on the river will rise and wash us away."

"We must hope for the best. It cannot rise much higher, for it is already beginning to overflow the other bank."

He could say no more.

With renewed violence the wind dashed fiercely upon them, crushing them against the rock with a force that took their breath away.

Then came a sudden, whirling eddy that relieved the crushing pressure, and caused them to totter upon the slippery edge.

For one horrible moment it seemed as though they must fall again into the merciless waters to meet their death; but only for an instant. A second sharp gust forced them back once more.

"Better the spray than the flood," shouted the man, with a half reckless laugh, as he crouched low down and drew the girl beside him. "Luckily we can't get any wetter; and its safer this way."

The girl made no resistance as his arm was gently wound around her waist, drawing her closer to his side.

A warm glow filled the young man's heart as he saw how trustingly she nestled beside him, her chill hands clasping his arm, one cheek pressed against his dripping coat.

He looked down upon her face and saw that it was fair despite the lines of terror left by her fierce struggle for life with the mad waters.

He felt her shiver as the fierce blast struck them, and when there came another lull he gently removed her hands and took off his heavy coat, wrapping it tightly around her, despite her objections.

"If you refuse, I'll throw it into the river," he said in a voice that told his earnestness, and she no longer refused but pressed the closer to him that he might share the covering.

The night had fallen now, and the darkness became intense, unrelieved even by a passing gleam of lightning.

The fury of the storm seemed to augment rather than decrease, and despite his confidently expressed belief, the traveler felt that the rising waters would soon sweep them from the ledge—to inevitable death.

He knew that the waters were drawing nearer them, for now the waves beat incessantly against their feet, more than once fairly covering their heads, and only by clinging desperately to the rugged points of rock could they retain their position until, during a brief lull, he

drove his stout knife deep into a crevice.

To this he fastened his belt, passing one arm through the loop, holding his companion closely with the other.

And thus the terrible night was passed—a night that will be long remembered by hundreds of the inhabitants of the Vermilion valley besides the two with whom this sketch deals.

All night the furious storm raged. The river overran its banks, and when daylight came and the storm gradually died away, the entire valley was flooded from hill to hill.

But the first dim rays of the sun found the young couple alive, though pale and haggard from their long fight with death.

Ah! that was a blessed moment of joy—for they saw that the flood was beginning to subside, that the waters barely reached the level of the ledge.

As the hours rolled on they exchanged confidences, and during their enforced waiting, became more thoroughly acquainted than if they had passed an ordinary year together.

Her name was Laura Weston. She had been spending a week at a friend's but, growing homesick, started off alone for home, knowing that if she spoke of her intention, she would not be permitted to start out in the face of the gathering storm.

Reaching the river, she found that the old bridge had been swept away, but determined to cross upon the driftwood that had gathered against the remaining piles.

When half over a heavy log came down, and striking one loosened pile, set the entire drift free.

She was plunged into the water and swept against a lower pile, the force of the water upon her back enabling her to keep her position until she was rescued as detailed.

He, Edward Thompson, was hastening for home when the storm overtook him.

It was late in the afternoon when they were rescued by a party who were searching for sheep that had been swept away, and half an hour later they were safe at Mr. Weston's.

The young man had no cause to complain of his reception at the hands of Laura's parents. Indeed he was so much pleased with it that he made more than one trip to the place, just to—well, the last time that he went I know that he took with him a very pretty ring, and they do say that a short time after Edward was seen in that place there was a wedding.

Immensity of Space.

In a recent lecture delivered in Edinburgh on "The Stars," Prof. Grant gave a graphic idea of the immensity of space. He said a railroad train traveling night and day at the rate of fifty miles an hour would reach the moon in six months, the sun in 200 years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars, in 42,000,000 years. A ball from a gun, traveling at the rate of 900 miles an hour, would reach Alpha Centauri in 2,700,000 years; while light, traveling as it does at the rate of 185,000 miles in a second, would not reach it in less than three years. Light from some of the telescopic stars would take 5,760 years to reach the earth; and from some of the clusters the distance is so great that light would take 500,000 years to pass to the earth, so that we see objects not as they really are, but as they were 500,000 years ago. These stars might have become extinct thousands of years ago, and yet their light might present itself to us. As to the magnitude of the stars, he noticed that it was computed that Alpha Lyra is 100,000,000,000 miles distant from the earth, and that its magnitude and splendor were as twenty to one when compared with our sun. Similar investigation brought out the fact that our sun is neither vastly greater nor vastly less than the great majority of the stars.—*E.*

The prophet's banner which the Sultan in person proposes to wave on the Danube is white and yellow colored, and was formerly a window curtain of Mohammed's favorite sultana, Ayesha.

The Black Sea and Blue Danube will soon be Turkey red.

Webster and Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to the *clat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both Houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisier, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late, that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these gentlemen were received had subsided, and silence was restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." This took place during the height of the debate and excitement on the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay, and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme was considered peculiarly appropriate for a concert where the head of the government and a large number of both branches of the legislative department were present. At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could sit no longer, and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep sonorous bass voice to the chorus, and I venture to say, never in the whole course of her career, did she ever hear or receive one-half of the applause as that which her song and Webster's chorus was greeted. Mr. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache, and the two Grises, on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia," as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's bass, we shall never hear nor see again. At the close of the air, Mr. Webster arose with his hat in his hand, and made such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'O'Leary's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courted to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again—Miss Lind re-courtesied, the house re-applauded, and this was repeated nine times.

The Standard of the Prophet.

The British ambassador at Constantinople has, we are told, prevailed upon the Sultan not to display, at present, the Standard of the Prophet. A few particulars regarding what has proved an object of diplomatic concern may interest our readers.

The Standard of the Prophet—the Sanjak-Scheriff, or Grand Standard, as it is called—is the principal banner used by Mahomet in his wars, and figured notably on the occasion of his triumphant entry into Mecca. It is a piece of dark camelot some twelve feet long, and is said to have formed part of the curtain which hung before the door of the room belonging to the prophet's favorite wife Ayesha. With a view to its better protection it is covered first with another—that of Omar, the second caliph—and in the next place with forty coverings of taffeta; while over all these envelopes is a case of green cloth. It should be proof against all harm one would think.

To enhance the sacredness of the standard a copy of the Koran, in the handwriting of Omar has been placed within its wrappings, and likewise the silver key of the Kaaba, which was presented by the Scheriff of Mecca to Selim I. in 1517, when the Caliphate of the Moslem world was transferred from the last of the Abbassides to the Ottoman dynasty. Yet another copy of the Koran, written, it is said, by Osman, the third of the caliphs, is contained in a silver, square box which surrounds this Labarum of Moslem hosts.

The Sanjak-Scheriff was brought to Constantinople from Damascus in 1595, and was thence carried to the Turkish

army then engaged in a war against Hungary and Walachia. Previous to that time it had been carried at the head of the annual pilgrimages to Mecca. It is, however, only when the Sultan himself or his Grand Vizier assumes the personal command of the army that the Sanjak-Scheriff is borne into battle. When a campaign is entrusted to ordinary officers the sacred banner is simply displayed in the capital at the opening of the war. In times of peace it is kept along with other relics of Mahomet in a chapel attached to the seraglio.

From the description given of the Standard of the Prophet it will be evident how strongly it appeals to the religious feeling of the Mussulmans. It carries them back to the days and the scenes in which their faith came into the world and to the men whom it carried to victory. Mahomet, Omar, Osman, the Koran, Mecca, the Kaaba, and all that these names suggest, pass before the vision at the sight of the Sacred Standard. War under such a banner becomes war in the service of the faith, and is liable to all the excesses which men allow themselves to commit when they regard one another as the enemies of God and the object of His curse. Let us hope that the Standard of the Prophet will not be disturbed.—*Christian Union.*

Conundrums.

Why is a parrot's perch like a person's special qualification? Because he plumes himself on it.

Why are gentlemen's love letters so liable to go astray? Because they are always *miss-directed*.

Why is a pretty young woman like corn in time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

Why is an ill-tempered young woman like a blacksmith's apron? Because she keeps off the sparks.

Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Because words are constantly passing between them.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she's too young to show much reflection.

Why is a person annoyed by a fool like one who falls into the sea? Because he is a man over-board.

What land would be a delightful place for babies? Lap-land.

Why is an old man like a nail in an oak post? Because he is in firm.

What is it that the more you cut the longer it becomes? A ditch.

Why is dancing like mⁿk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is an Englishman like a bee? Because he is ruled by a queen.

What is the best way to curb a wild young man? To bridal him.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? Court-ship.

Why is a discontented man like a watch-dog? Because he is a growler.

What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

Why is a newly-born baby like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

What is that which makes everything visible, but is itself unseen? Light.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep? Because it is penned and folded.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

At what time is a cigar like an old maid? When there is no match for it.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Confession in the Greek Church is ordinarily made but once a year—during the first or last week of Lent. During the previous six or eight days the penitents attend mass twice a day, and fasts. It is not necessary to acknowledge any particular sin, as in the Catholic church, but simply to confess themselves guilty of having broken one or more of the Commandments. The rite is generally performed at home, and a priest attends for the purpose. Children are expected to confess, but not to fast.

Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made." The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheek nine times out ten.

Two Legal Giants in Court.

Old Squire Gerrish, of Newburyport, Mass., is a genial soul who has a host of legal reminiscences. An intimate friend of Webster, Edward Everett, and Rufus Choate, and a law partner of Caleb Cushing, he had a rare opportunity of collecting anecdotes and details that are very interesting now. While connected with Cushing, a time came when these two Titans, Cushing and Choate, were on opposite sides in an important suit. On the day when the case was called the courtroom was crowded. A battle between such men was a novelty, even in that epoch of brains. To the amazement of judge, jury, and spectators, both Cushing and Choate were somewhat anxious for a "continuance"—in other words, for a postponement of trial. As a usual thing, both gentlemen were always anxious to force a case to trial, being in a state of "chronic preparation," as Webster once said in speaking of Choate. In going out of court, says Mr. Gerrish, I met Choate, and said: "How is it that you were ready for a continuance to-day? It is a little odd of you."

Choate replied: "Oh, I am a little pressed with business, and can afford to let this case stand over."

Said I: "Choate, this is sheer nonsense. I'll tell you what the matter is. You are afraid of Cushing."

"So I am," was the reply; "and I am not ashamed to own it, either."

"Well, well," said I, "this is pretty good. The idea of Rufus Choate being frightened. What on earth do you fear in Cushing?"

"Mr. Gerrish, I will tell you. I am afraid of his overwhelming knowledge of the law."

In the afternoon Cushing came into the office. I went for him at once.

"Caleb, what was the matter to-day; why didn't you insist on trying that case?"

"Oh!" he replied, "the weather is warm, and we have much to attend to, and didn't care to hurry up matters."

"Now, Cushing, be honest; were you not a little afraid of Choate?"

"Well, Gerrish, to be candid about it, I was. Are you satisfied now?"

I then inquired what he feared Choate for. "Do you think," said I, "that he knows any more of the law than you do?"

"No, sir, I don't," was the answer; "but I'm afraid of the rascal's influence with a jury, right or wrong."

And there it was. The two men had been so often associated that each knew the other's strong points, and felt timid.—*Forney's Press.*

Some Triumphs of Poor Men.

It is not a little remarkable that most of the mighty works of the world have been accomplished by poor men, but men so thoroughly absorbed in their labor as to ultimately exercise the most widespread influence.

David Livingstone, for instance, and Smith the Assyrian explorer, have recently shown that it is not wealth which makes a man famous. Livingstone, who opened up the interior of Africa, and whose memory is so fresh that it need not be diluted upon, was a factory boy.

Sir William Herschel, who made so many discoveries in astronomy, actually came to England when a youth from Germany as a street-musician. It was a great step when he became organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath. Unable to buy a telescope, he made one, and while in these humble circumstances discovered a new planet, then called the Georgium Sidus. From that moment he became famous; but it is certain that it was not the hope of public applause that sustained him previously, but pure love of science.

Jenner, again, the inventor of vaccination, which at this moment is being so carefully enforced in London, worked for twenty years in the obscurity of a country village before his theory was accepted—and in addition was bitterly satirized and scorned.

Sir Humphrey Davy was an apothecary's apprentice, and at first worked at his ideas with no better materials than such small pots and bottles as he could find in the kitchen.

There is a whole muster-roll of celebrated names in science of men poor in their youth, whose disinterested labors pursued under every difficulty have af-

wards yielded benefits to the world at large.

The steam-engine itself was brought into practical use by James Watt, who had to earn his daily bread by making mathematical instruments and repairing fiddles, and indeed seems to have been glad to get almost any employment.—*From Cassell's Family Magazine, for April.*

To Avoid Hydrophobia.

To the Editor of the World.

Sir: There is a pamphlet upon hydrophobia, the means of avoiding its perils and preventing its spread, translated from the French of M. H. Bouley by Professor A. Liutard, principal of the American Veterinary College of New York, which should be in the hands of every one. Some of its sentences should be printed in huge letters and posted everywhere, so that he who runs may read. The author says:

People generally imagine that when a dog is "mad" his disease is immediately characterized by furious movements and frantic manifestations. This is a false idea. Often quite the reverse takes place. An affectionate dog will not become ferocious and estranged in a single day; it is by slow degrees that the transition comes. But even in that first period, from the moment that the first symptoms of hydrophobia show themselves, the saliva of the animal is virulent. Beware of a dog which begins to be sick. All sick dogs, as a principle, must be suspected. Beware especially of one that is sad, morose and seeks for solitude; one that does not know where to rest; one that goes and comes, rambles about, snarls and barks without reason, whose looks are dull and gloomy and whose bright expression is lost. Beware of the dog that looks about and attacks imaginary phantoms. Beware of one that is suddenly too affectionate, asking for your caresses by his pitiful and repeated cravings. The mad dog is not of necessity hydrophobic. He is not afraid of water, and will not run away if one offers him a drink. He will drink as long as he is able to swallow. Rabid dogs have been known to swim across rivers. The bark of the mad dog is thoroughly characteristic. Instead of the normal and successive barks, it is hoarse, lower in tone, prolonged, and not so strong. After the first bark, made at full strength, a series of five, six, seven or eight other immediately succeeds, lower in strength and thrown out from the throat. The bravest and strongest dog will, in the presence of a mad dog show cowardice, and instead of trying to fight with him will attempt to escape. The rabid dog is always violently impressed and irritated by the sight of one of its own species. It is generally believed that the mad dog salivates abundantly—that he froths at the mouth. This is a serious error. The salivary secretion is increased in hydrophobia only when the disease is at its paroxysms. The cat may become rabid, but fortunately seldom. Set it down a fortunately, for the rabid cat is more terrible and more dangerous than the dog. The rabid cat knows its master no longer. It aims its blow at the face. The danger from mad dogs in the winter is about the same as in the heat of summer. In the spring cases are more frequent and in the autumn least frequent. Sensitiveness to pain is greatly diminished in the mad dog. When whipped, burned or wounded he does not cry or utter any complaint. The mad dog runs away from home, but after two or three days' absence he returns to die near his master. The surest way of preventing the effects of rabid inoculation from the bite of a mad dog is the immediate cauterization of the wound with the actual cautery or with burning gunpowder or some other caustic agent. If the cauterization cannot be done immediately after the bite, one must while waiting wash the wound, press it thoroughly to squeeze the blood out, suck it with the lips (spitting out the liquid immediately), compress the edges of the wound, and, if possible, apply a ligature about the limb to arrest the circulation of blood.

It is to be hoped that these few extracts from this useful work may bring forth good fruit.

AXE.

Curious Facts.

The sense of smelling, tasting and even of feeling or touch, are liable to innumerable causes of deception. It is mentioned in the Museum of Art and Science that if two fingers of the same hand, being crossed and a marble or pea is rolled between them, the impression will be, if the eyes are closed, that two marbles or peas are touched. If the nose be pinched, and cinnamon be tasted, it will taste like a common stick of deal. Many substances lose their favor when the nostrils are stopped. Nurses, therefore, upon right and scientific principles, stop the noses of children when they give them doses of disagreeable medicine. If the eyes be blindfolded, and buttermilk and claret be alternately tasted, the person tasting them, after a few repetitions of the process, will be unable to distinguish one from another.—*E.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY,
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, Editors,
677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign
Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, \$12.00
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are in advance. Remit by post
office money order, or by registered letter.
No terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied
with the name and address of the writer, not
necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee
of good faith. Correspondents are alone respon-
sible for views and opinions expressed in com-
munications.

Contributions, Subscriptions, and Business
Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
All communications relative to the Foreign
Department should be sent to the Foreign Ed-
itor, Henry Winter Sylve, U. S. Mint, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon
application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

On Sunday, the 10th inst., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann were at Trinity Church, Pittsburg. The Rev. Dr. Hitechock, has taken a gratifying interest in church work among deaf-mutes. At 3 P. M., a special service for deaf-mutes was held in the chapel. In the evening, the Bishop and several of the clergy were at the service, which was read and interpreted as is usual on such occasions. The large congregation seemed much interested in the statements which were made in relation to the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Mr. Job Turner expects to be at St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Sunday, the 24th inst., and to lecture in the Sunday School room, Thursday evening, the 28th.

Deaf-Mute Ladies as Track-Walkers.

Since the day that steam cars were first invented for hauling freight and carrying passengers, there has never been a lack among deaf-mute men of victims, who have been presumptuous and venturesome enough to test the experiment of undertaking a foot-journey on the railroad track. Neither have they with the least show of caution approached their almost invariable doom by scanning closely the death-infested grounds in all directions to catch a flying view of the rapidly approaching engine of destruction. On the contrary the would-be victim usually, and seemingly with a spirit of bravado, bounces defiantly into the path which leads to death, and, lest he should perchance accidentally or providentially sight his pursuing enemy not even deign to look behind him, but with eyes steadfastly pointing to the front, he carelessly plunges on until suddenly his innocent assassin lifts him into eternity or passes over his crushed and mangled form. Philanthropists denounce such victims as unfortunates; the more outspoken and sometimes less charitable designate them by the not very flattering title—fools.

The late case of two deaf-mute women who undertook the hazardous exploit of walking on the railroad track in the city of Portland, Maine, between the depot and the Boston steamer wharf in that city, will hardly admit of the ungalant act of applying to them the opprobrious epithet of idiots, but a strict sense of impartiality would compel us to acknowledge that their audacious temerity does great injustice to the keen sense of dangers and far-sightedness usually attributable to the gentler sex. In their case a kind Providence interposed to rescue them, in the shape of two humble sons of toil, from a heart-rending death by a locomotive, the screeches of whose whistle, assisted by alert train hands were powerless to awaken in their minds a knowledge of their peril. Gratitude prompts all lovers of humanity to thank a kind providence for the ladies' safe deliverance at the last moment, from a very probable untimely and agonizing death, and it may reasonably be expected that their little uncalculated experiment of track walking which came so near terminating tragically, will deter others from engaging in such very unwise and entirely unnecessary promenade.

Well it is said by the wise man, "he that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." If the malediction is applicable in spiritual affairs, it is scarcely less so in material matters. Let all deaf-mutes who take such fond delight in the practice of turning their backs upon, and walking demurely a little in advance of railroad trains to tempt the monster engines, and those who insist upon stretching their carcasses over the track for an invigorating rest and sleep, bear in mind that express trains cannot afford to creep to accommodate their slow speed, and engineers do not always wait for them to wind up long dreams and nicely arrange their toilets.

Death of Gideon S. Clinie.

Mr. Gideon S. Clinie, brother of Mr. W. J. Clinie, of the Bournemouth Statesman, died in Oshawa, Canada, on Tuesday, the 15th ult., and was buried on Thursday following, at Bournemouth. Deceased lost the sense of hearing at the age of 15 years, but retained the power of speech to a considerable degree. He was possessed of more than ordinary talents. He at times wrote for different newspapers, in that country and in the States, on various subjects. But most

of his time was spent at his trade as a job printer, in which he had a large experience. He worked for several years in the Globe job room, one of the largest printing establishments in the Dominion of Canada. His death will be much regretted by all who knew him, as he was much liked by all who made his acquaintance. It may be said that Canada has lost one of its most distinguished deaf-mutes. His age was unknown, but it is generally supposed that he was about thirty-five years old.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer*.

The West Virginia Tablet is tabled till Sept. next.

The pupils of the Illinois Institution had a jolly picnic recently.

A TEACHER of the Illinois Institution contributes an article on Deaf-mute Education to the *Rushville Citizen*.

We shall have to put up with common looking glass during the hot weather, for the *Mirror* reflects no more till fall.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute, in the matter of equibales with the *Mirror*, has made up its mind to mind its own business in the future.

SPRING chicks, strawberries, and peas have graced the table, and tickled the palate of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute man of late. Any potato bugs?

FIVE of the classes of the Central New York Institution were examined on Wednesday, June 13th. The advanced class, under Prof. JOHNSON, was put through the following day.

The land for the new shops for the Illinois Institution will be 236x38 feet. Illinois can have new shops and \$20,000; but the Central New York Institution cannot have \$20,000 for buildings for educational purposes.

THE Chicago Deaf-mute Society is not "bustled" as some folks fancy. They are merely taking a vacation, and have a nice hall, all furnished, engaged for the fall when they will resume their periodical gatherings.

BARNUM'S circus and show passes or has passed through the following cities containing deaf-mute institutions: Rome, N. Y.; Jacksonville, Illinois, and Flint, Mich. He didn't invite the pupils of the first locality. Will he of the other two?

MISS GRACE HASTINGS, of East Aurora, Erie county, N. Y., is stopping with friends a few miles from Rome, N. Y., and has paid a couple of visits to the Central New York Institution. Her old New York friends were glad to see her, and hope she was pleased to meet them.

ONLY those pupils who have been in the first class at least one year before graduating, will, hereafter, receive diplomas from the Michigan Institution. However, all graduates of eight years' standing will receive certificates of attendance, specifying their grade. Which is all a very nice plan; and we are glad to know that this wholesome diplomating of pupils, in one institution, at least, is to be discontinued.

FANCYING himself safe JOHN SMITH walked along the railway track near Indianapolis on the 11th inst. The locomotive came along at a high rate of speed. John could not hear, and Mr. Engineer knew nothing of it, and was not expected to either. In a few seconds a bleeding corpse lay beside the track. From papers found in the pockets it was inferred that he was from Spruce Hill, Pennsylvania.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET, in company with Rev. Mr. MANN, and Thos. McCLURE, of Pittsburgh, paid a flying visit to the Western Pennsylvania Institution, at Turtle Creek, a small village twelve miles east from Pittsburgh. The pupils of this school number fifty, and the applications for admission are on the increase.

During his stay in Pittsburgh Dr. GALLAUDET was the guest of I. H. SHORBERGER, the well known iron manufacturer.

PROF. JOHNSON, of the Central New York Institution, has a dear little friend, Miss Maude, seven years old, whom he has taught to recite the Lord's prayer in signs, and she does it with happy effect. Little Maude is exceptionally bright to do all this, for it is not every seven-year-old, although gifted with all her senses, that can excel in pantomimic effort. Dr. GALLAUDET, an old friend of hers, visited her during a recent stay in Rome, and was much pleased with the recital.

Is speaking, a week or two ago, of the Church work in Philadelphia, we should in justice to all have said that the offerings by the congregation present, at the regular services in church, are usually sufficient to meet all expenses, including those for charitable relief. The subscription kindly raised by some ladies among themselves and their hearing friends, (for the special object of securing a monthly visit from a clergyman in Priest's Orders to celebrate the Holy Communion, which Rev. Mr. SYLVE, being a Deacon, cannot do by himself,) is not used every month, but only helps occasionally, when the other expenses are unusually heavy. It has helped in this way three or four times during the past year and half.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, June 24th.

The Psalter for the 24th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLIII.

2d Lesson—Acts xiv.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLV.

2d Lesson—Titus II, and III, to v. 10.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, July 1st.

The Psalter for the 1st day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLIX.

2d Lesson—Acts xv.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis I.

2d Lesson—Hebrews x.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday after Trinity.

A Colored Legislator Working for the Interests of the Deaf and Dumb.

We publish a speech made by the only colored man in the Illinois Legislature at its late session. He took a very active part in support of the Chicago Deaf-mute Bill which would have passed on third reading with a full house. It received 53 votes out of 85, but required 77 votes for a constitutional majority, and lacked time to re-consider.

We cut the following from the Sangamon *Monitor*, a democratic paper published at Springfield, Ill.

SPEECH OF HON. J. W. E. THOMAS OF COOK.

We give place to this speech to show the warmth of feeling for the unfortunate expressed in it by one who demonstrates that his heart is in the right place.

House bill No 734, for "An Act to establish a school for the education of Deaf and Dumb Children, in Chicago, Cook county," was called up on third reading by Mr. Thomas, of Cook, who, in support thereof, spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker: I am surprised to see opposition to this bill come in the manner it does. It is alleged, sir, that there has been skulduggery used in getting this bill before the House.

Sir, if there has been any, I know nothing of it. I am in no ring, if there be any. I make no trades with any member to get bills through this House. I simply present them on their merits, and explain the necessity and justice of them.

When other members present bills, I listen carefully to their arguments, calmly consider the subject and purport of the bill, and if my opinions coincide with theirs, I vote for the bill; if our views do not concur, I vote against the bill, notwithstanding personal friendships.

From the little experience I have had, I conceive the object of legislation is to deal out justice equally to all. Because a county is large or rich, it is no reason why we should not grant her just requests. We had a bill up here the other day, and it was voted down, without giving us a chance to show what we believe to be our equitable rights; because it was said we were aiming to gobble up everything. That is not so; we simply ask for justice and right.

Now gentlemen, I earnestly hope you will disabuse your minds of any prejudice against Cook County, and let us have our request. I need not read to you the petition from both rich and poor men who desire this institution; nor is it necessary to read the petition of the Board of Education.

Sir, the friends of this bill ask for its passage, because there are many parents who desire to have their children attend school during the day and return home in the evening. They also believe that there are as many children in the Jacksonville Institution as can be made comfortable. Then, again, it is the general conviction that where there is so large a number of these unfortunates as in Cook county, their parents should not be obliged to send them so far away from home to receive instruction.

I take a deep interest in this bill, because I believe it is just, and we should have it. There are a large number of people in Cook County who have deaf and dumb children. They love those children dearly, and feel that they can take better care of them at home than if they have to send them away; but, while desiring to have them at home, and to reap the benefit of their services, they also to have a school established to which they can send them to receive the instruction specially adapted to their needs.

Sir, we have voted and worked for appropriations for all the other State Institutions, and we claim that it is only fair that we should be granted this one request, so reasonable in its character, so entirely just and praiseworthy in its objects.

I implore you, gentlemen, to vote for this measure, and thereby, under God, you will have done a charitable act for the poor parents of these afflicted children as well as for the children themselves. I therefore hope you will disabuse your minds of all prejudice, and vote for the passage of the bill.

A New Book.

Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., a young, intelligent mute gentleman, has just written and published a very interesting pamphlet, called "The History of the first School for Deaf-mutes of America," which will be of great value to the deaf-mutes.

It is closely printed on fine paper, and contains all the information as to how the Hartford school was founded, and the other items of interest. It contains good wood cuts of Gallaudet, Clerc, Sicard, monuments of Gallaudet and Clerc, the Hartford School and the single Hand Alphabet.

As many of the deaf-mutes do not know how that noble single hand alphabet was originated, his book is just what they need, and it will keep them well informed. It cannot fail to interest any one who can talk. It is sold for only 25 cents per copy. The author hopes to receive liberal patronage, and will promptly send his book to any one who encloses 25 cents, addressed to Ira H. Derby, South Weymouth, Mass.

I am much pleased to state that Mr. Derby is meeting with good success in selling his books, and I wish him a continuance of success. No deaf-mute should be without a copy.

READER.

Boston, June 13, 1877.

Hannibal is worried with butter thieves. Two men from Hannibal were arrested Saturday on suspicion of stealing from both Hannibal and Ira.

The counties of Chenango, Franklin, Hamilton, Fulton, Herkimer, Jefferson, Lewis, Madison, Montgomery, Oneida, Oswego, Otsego, Schoharie and St. Lawrence are consolidated with the District of Canandaigua in the payment of pensions.

For the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. The Hidden Hand, or Quiet Doing.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

We told the readers of the JOURNAL that "Lilla should speak for herself." Well, Lilla, what have you to say? A dash comes over her bright face as she says, so sweetly:

"What a glad heart I have. See my fine home. My dear aunt Emma, I wish she could know how much I love her, and grand-pa and grand-ma, too. Then Harvey and Charlie are so good and kind to me. When they drive around their beautiful grounds, they say, 'where's Lilla?' Sometimes I hide away from them so that they will hunt after me. When they find me they say, 'Oh, you little pussy, we have found you,' and they lift me into their carriage and off we go. Then I think if dear mamma only knew all about my good times how glad she would be in her heavenly home. Sometimes I cry when I think of my dear mamma, I do so want to tell her. Then I run to grand-ma and she says, 'My darling, what makes you cry—are you not well?' I say 'Yes, grand-ma dear, but if only mamma knew how happy I am—and how kind you are to me.' She looks up so kindly into my face, pats my head, and says 'Dear child, perhaps your dear mother is now looking down from her bright home above, we will think so.' Then she kisses me and hugs me close to her, and I lay my head on her lap. I fall asleep and dream of the angels, and when I awake her own soft hand is yet on my head. I tell her, 'Grand-ma dear, I thought that mamma's hand was on my head, and before I am through with what I had to say, grand-ma sings, so sweetly:

"I wish that his hands had been laid on my head
That his arms were thrown around me,
That I might hear his kind words, when he said
Let the little ones come unto me."

"Then she tells me of Jesus, how he loved dear little children, how he blessed them and how many he has in his kingdom, and if I am good I shall go there and join in the songs of the blest. Then I am happy, for I know dear mamma is there, and I know she never cries because she cannot help her little girl. 'Don't you think, grand-ma, God heard dear mamma when she prayed for her little girl? How good God is to give me such a home, and then aunt Emma loves me so much. Grand-ma, I pray that I may always do right, and not do wicked things, or think naughty thoughts. Mamma told me whenever I thought anything wrong I must go away and pray, and I always do.'

Sweet the confidence of this young heart! No guile, no deception. She is honest-hearted, truthful in all things. From early infancy her feet had been trained in the ways of the Lord. Early in life she sought the path that leads to God, to Heaven. She was pure in heart, and the loving Savior acknowledged her as one of his jewels.

Dear reader, would you be like Lilla? Then love and obey Lilla's God, imitate the beautiful traits in her character. She gave heed to the wise instructions of her own dear mother, and though her mother was dead she yet lived in the thoughts of her dear child, and the hidden hand she realized as she trudged along her little life pathway. And no doubt she will still stand on the shining shore, where she will gaze on the hidden hands and fully realize that no ineffable glory is there. Imagery fails us, for we know "that eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." Sweet land of rest. Even our eternal home.

Lilla, although so young, had a mature mind. Her young heart had been touched by sorrow, and she often dwelt on the past, and although she was so happy yet she wept when she thought of her own dear mother.

The windows of the past have a curious way of shifting. We look back at the stone walls which have enclosed our lives, and they seem one day to open, perhaps after light breaks through and makes a way. Perhaps the angels break in, and as in that beautiful picture of Tintoretto's, where the heavenly company bursts triumphantly through the massive walls become suddenly revealed to astounded lookers-on, the angels of the past do sometimes reveal themselves. Memory cannot be obliterated, yet there comes over the heart, once bereft of hope, that quiet reaching out for God, for the living God, and the weary one finds rest.

Miss Emma was one of the busy ones. Ever devising liberal things, and by liberal things she stood. No one could be in her presence long without feeling heaven's purest influences over them stealing.

Some people have a gift of magnetism, of personal influence, which is quite indescribable, which belongs, partly to the interest they take in the concerns of others, partly to some natural simplicity and elevation of soul. Yet Miss Shelby was utterly unconscious of the influence which she exerted. It was like the gentle dew, silent, unseen, yet all pervading. Quiet doing—her hand hidden from the gaze of the world, yet never faltering, never complaining. A heart renewed, sanctified by grace, a cheerful giver, an earnest worker. Dear one, thy record is on high, even in God's book of remembrance.

Going into the quiet retreats of sorrow and of suffering, undoing heavy burdens, letting the oppressed go free. Imitating thy dear Lord, in going about doing good. Thon shalt not lose thy reward when He cometh to count up His jewels. Many whom thou hast led along by thy faithful will stand amid that blood-washed throng, and thou, with them, wilt cast thy crown at thy Savior's feet, in one endless song of praise. Thine is a glorious calling! Thine is a glorious reward!

While Miss Emma was earnest and

humble, she was also self-reliant. This was one great secret of her success. Of all the elements of success none is more vital than self-reliance—a determination to be one's own helper, and not to look to others for support. She taught this lesson to those she aided, daily. "Those that helped themselves," she would say, "heaven helped." But if any were ill, no matter what the cause of their illness was, she never chided or reproached; but was exceedingly tender, but when they regained their health so that they could work then she would inculcate good doctrines, both by precept and example, by establishing schools, teaching others how to profitably employ their time, and making, mending, and keeping their own person and garments in proper order. Although reared in luxury, Miss Emma was a worker, and could not enter into sympathy with an idle person, unless they were disabled by illness or misfortune. Energy is the secret of all individual growth and vigor; the master-key that unlocks all difficulties in every profession and calling. The direct course that can befall a person is to be the recipient of charity; to lean, while the character is forming, on others for support, unless they are afflicted and cannot do for themselves. Then it is the duty of others to help, aid and assist them. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without (unless one is afflicted) invariably enfeebles its recipient.

The reader will readily see that Miss Emma Shelby took a sensible view of life, and what one must do in order to be a successful worker and a useful person in society. Wealth was not lost on her. She scattered yet increased in worldly goods, and in those true riches which perish not with their using.

Miss Shelby possessed engaging manners. Henry Clay observed "that the courtesies of a small, a trivial character are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciative heart. It is the picaresque compliments which are most appreciated, far more than the double ones which we sometimes pay."

Among the qualities of the mind and heart which conduce to worldly success, there is not one, the importance of which is more real, yet which is so generally undervalued at this day by the young, as courtesy, that feeling of love and kindness for our fellows, which expresses itself in pleasing manners. Owing, in a very great measure, to that spirit of self-reliance and self-assertion, and that contempt for the forms and conventionalities of life which our young people are trained to cherish, they are too apt to despise those delicate attentions, those nameless and exquisite tendernesses of thought and manner that mark the true lady or gentleman.

The entire family of Judge Shelby was trained up to regard the slightest wish expressed, so that Lilla was a constant looker-on and a ready imitator of every good quality. Charlie delighted in reading to her, taking her into the garden, decorating her hair with flowers, and calling her his little queen.

The coming of Lilla had changed many things in the household, and around the rooms were many toys that had been discarded and laid aside that Miss Emma had once played with. Her stool was increasing, for the Judge oftentimes would send home a toy for his little pet. Yet Lilla was not proud or spoiled, as some children would have been. She has Daisy to enjoy her toys with her. Daisy has her ball, and off they go for a romp, while grand-ma sits in her arm-chair, laughing at the innocents at home. A laughing, rollicking child enlivens home, oftentimes chasing away dull care, and gloomy thoughts. One imperceptibly catches the inspiration, and often breathes out "Make me a child again, just for to-night."

We must again bid our patient readers good-bye, but we hope to meet them next week, and by that time we hope we shall be able to tell about a picnic that Miss Emma has gotten up for the children of the Mission School over which she presides, and what Lilla did to contribute to the enjoyment of the picnic. So, all hands get ready for our excursion.

Rev. Mr. Bowles' Letter.

W. B. SWETT, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 26th has been forwarded to me. I have just written to Mr. Worthington, the Secretary, acknowledging the receipt of his communication and accepting the membership in the Board of Trustees to which I have been elected.

I thank the Board for the honor conferred, and will endeavor to do my duty to the best of my ability. My purpose is to do all I can to aid our deaf-mute friends, and do most heartily endorse the enterprise of securing a Home for those who are homeless.

If the trustees should deem myself and wife suitable to take charge of the Home, we can render efficient service in that position, and we should feel like making a liberal donation toward securing and perfecting the Home.

Yours, in Christian work,
S. R. BOWLES.

Rockland, Me.

CHESHAM FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76.

From the effects of an unusually severe cold, I became so hoarse as to be able to speak but little above a whisper. The use of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for a few hours, gave me perfect relief. I have been affected so several times, and always find prompt relief from the use of the Syrup. I am satisfied that it is a valuable medicine of its kind, and would recommend its use to those in need of a cough remedy.

My sister's children are subject to croup. They always keep this Syrup in the house, and find its timely use always prevents severe attacks of this so frequently fatal disease.

F. C. BROCK.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w

Oswego County Medical Society.

The 57th annual meeting of the Oswego County Medical Society was held at the Doolittle House in Oswego, on Tuesday, June 12, 1877.

The meeting was called to order at 11 A. M., by the Vice-President, Dr. R. N. Cooley.

There were present the following members:

Dr. R. N. Cooley, Hannibal Centre; H. E. Balcum, A. A. Desaulniers, A. S. Coe, B. Dewitt, C. C. P. Clark, S. T. Kingston, J. K. Stockwell, E. A. Mattoon, J. W. Eddy, Mary K. Hutchins, C. Macfarlane, Oswego; Geo. W. Nelson, Orwell; S. Pardee, C. G. Bacon, C. M. Lee, D. Pardee, Fulton; D. T. Whyborn, Cleveland; Wm. H. Rice, Geo. H. Whitcomb, Phoenix; C. Haven, D. Acker, Hannibal; T. J. Green, Parish; J. L. Jones, Minetto; C. E. Heaton, J. W. Huntington, Geo. P. John, on Mexico; G. G. Whitaker, Ella M. Whitaker, New Haven; F. S. Low, Pulaski; Geo. W. Snyder, Scriba; H. D. C. Phelps, Palermo.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

The censors reported favorably on the credentials of the following applicants for membership and recommended that they be accepted: George H. Whitcomb, M. D., Phoenix, N. Y., a graduate at the University of New York; E. A. Mattoon, M. D., of Oswego, a graduate at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; Charles E. Heaton, M. D., and John W. Huntington, M. D., of Mexico, graduates at the University of Buffalo, N. Y., and Ella M. Whitaker, M. D., of New Haven, a graduate of the Women's Medical College at Philadelphia. The report was accepted and the applicants were balloted for and unanimously elected, signed the by-laws and paid the membership fee.

The Treasurer's report was read and accepted, and an assessment made to meet the current expenses of the society.

Dr. Bacon announced to the society the death of two of its members—Hon. M. L. Lee, A. B. M. D., and A. C. Livingston, M. D.—and read a brief obituary of the latter, and presented the following resolution, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of the Oswego County Medical Society do desire to convey to the family of the late A. C. Livingston, M. D., and member of this society, their sympathy, and condolence in their great bereavement in the loss of a husband, father, protector, and guardian. Also to his friends and patrons in the absence and silence of their companion and medical adviser.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution, signed by the president and secretary of this society, be sent to the family, and also be made a part of the minutes of this meeting.

On motion of Dr. Clark, Dr. Bacon was requested to prepare an obituary of the late Dr. M. L. Lee and present it at the next annual meeting of the society.

Dr. Green was also requested to prepare and present to the same meeting an obituary of the late Austin White, M. D., whose death occurred during the past year; and Dr. A. S. Low one of the late J. M. Watson, M. D., an honorary member of the society, who also died since the last annual meeting.

Drs. Bacon and Lee gave a very full and interesting account of the last sickness of Dr. Livingston. Their remarks concerning the use of the hypodermic syringe led to an animated discussion relative to the propriety or necessity of guarding against septic or blood poisoning in its use—the care necessary to prevent the introduction of air into the veins while using the hypodermic syringe—although an axiom familiar to every tyro in the practice of medicine hypodermique was practically dwelt upon.

Dr. D. Pardee described at length an interesting, and to him perplexing case in the person of a little girl who was afflicted with chronic and severe pain in the sacro-lumbar region. Its cause was obscure, and had resisted all treatment up to the present time. Other cases of a similar nature were detailed and treatment suggested by Drs. Whyborn, Balcum and others.

Adjourned to dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The report of the committee on nomination was made and accepted, and the society proceeded to the election of officers and delegates for the ensuing year with the following result:

President, Dr. R. N. Cooley, Hannibal; Vice President, Dr. J. W. Eddy, Oswego; Recording Secretary, Dr. J. K. Stockwell, Oswego; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. George P. Johnson, Mexico; Treasurer, Dr. C. G. Bacon, Fulton; Librarian, Dr. A. S. Low, Pulaski; Censors—Drs. D. Pardee, George W. Nelson, I. L. Jones, A. A. Desaulniers, D. Acker; Delegates to American Medical Association—Drs. J. K. Stockwell, C. M. Lee, T. J. Green, F. S. Low, Wm. H. Rice; Delegates to Central New York Medical Association—Drs. H. W. Caldwell, N. W. Bates, H. E. Balcum, H. D. C. Phelps, B. Dewitt.

Drs. Balcum, Hutchins and Green were requested to prepare essays to be read at the semi-annual meeting, and Drs. Clark and Havens were appointed essayists for the next annual meeting.

Dr. F. S. Low cited two cases of severe poisoning from drinking freely of an infusion of the common swamp willow, probably *Lythrum Salicaria*, mistaking it for the medicinal white willow, *Salix Alba*. The symptoms were similar to those caused by an overdose of opium.

Dr. Rice gave the history of a case where the excretory functions of the kidneys were exercised to the least imaginable extent during a period of one hundred and thirty days, and the same remarkable abnormal condition still exists.

Dr. Clark gave an interesting account of a case of *angioedema* arising from infection through a trifling wound on the finger, and the patient, a worthy man, was saved from his friends through declining to submit himself to their kind

offices. Other interesting cases were given by members of the society, and a vote of thanks was tendered to the proprietor of the Doolittle House for the use of the parlors and courteous attentions.

The President and Secretary were given a vote of thanks. By resolution the semi-annual meeting will be called at

CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting Letter from the Granite State.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., June 4, '77.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Please announce through your valuable paper the death of Mrs. Nancy Prissy Smith, a semi-mute, of Hillsborough Bridge, N. H. She died at her daughter's in Hartford, Conn., on Thursday night, May 31. Her death was supposed to be the effects of the third apoplectic stroke. Her age was 70 years. Her remains were brought home, and the funeral took place on Sunday, June 3d. She was buried in Henniker by the side of her husband, who was killed by a railroad train some years ago; her only son, who was killed in the late civil war, and her blooming daughter, who died of a fever; leaving her only daughter to mourn the above-mentioned loss, and also that of her husband by suicide last October.

It will be appropriate to speak of the late Mrs. Nancy P. Smith as a woman of good character, of industrious and honest habits, and as an ardent and faithful neighbor and friend. She was fond of reading, especially the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of which she had been a regular subscriber for some years past. Her worthy example, in this respect at least, should be followed by many more deaf-mutes.

This season seems remarkable. The spring came some two weeks earlier than for forty years. Grass looks well and promises a plenty of hay. Grain looks well; corn that was planted within two weeks has grown up four or five inches. The prospect of everything seems good, except that the Colorado Beetles are unmercifully visiting potatoes. The apple crop does not promise a full crop. All things are at the disposal of Divine Wisdom, and we should be content with what God gives.

June 6th.

To-day, Prof. Job Turner came here on a visit. I hope to enjoy his good company until Saturday. He expects to preach next Sunday at Concord, N. H. It is hoped that his service may be successful and beneficial to deaf-mutes.

A new mute religious society, which the mute citizens of New Hampshire, are about to form for their benefit, under the charge of Mr. Turner, may gradually grow till it becomes a permanent benefit. I am happy to speak highly to the mute readers of Mr. Turner as useful in his work for the glory of the Lord, and for the benefit of the Deaf-mutes in New England. I hope that Mr. Turner may become a settled preacher in New England.

It seems a very queer matter how several mutes dare claim a right to preach without licenses.

The late fair at Marblehead for the benefit of the New England Industrial Home was a decided success in spite of opposition from some mutes, who, it is hoped in good earnest, may feel satisfied with it as a frank and beneficial project.

May the JOURNAL be a perpetual organ of mute news.

THOMAS BROWN.

The Old Dutch Stove.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL was an account of the marriage of a son of William M. Genet. It brings up the old gentleman in my mind in connection with an occurrence that happened at the American Asylum in the winter, I think, of 1828-29. Genet was then a boy of 18 or thereabouts, and had previously been a pupil of the New York school, under, I believe, Mr. Looftorrow. H. P. Peet did not take charge till some years later.

A part of the story I am about to relate, you published two or three years ago, and I will repeat it in brief.

We had a very cold Sunday. The stove in our sitting-room about seventy boys was a queer affair, fit only for a small workshop, but accorded with the economical notions of the Directors, however little it might accord with the comfort of the pupils. The next morning as we came down we found the upper two thirds of the stove out of doors, and the lower part only remaining, and the coal still burning. It was a sheet-iron, upright cylinder affair, costing perhaps three dollars. Who did the deed was unknown. And here Genet comes in. He was the most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Clero in the whole school. Day after day I saw him in the boys' study room sitting at his table, with his class, lauding Mr. Clero to the skies as the most consummate teacher in the whole world. Well, on this morning, after breakfast, we resumed our seats and our studies. All was going on as usual in the quiet work of the morning hours before school. It was at this moment that the door of the hall opened, and H. P. Peet, then steward as well as teacher, entered, carrying in his hand a huge can. He half sat and half reclined against a desk near the door, facing the boys, and remained there immovable as a statue, seeming to imagine that we had gotten up a huge conspiracy or rebellion. All this excited our attention for a few moments and when we were dismissed, we continued our attention to the books before us.

And thus about an hour passed. The scene was becoming monotonous. It was the duty of one boy of each class to make the fire in his own school room, and in this way, Mr. Clero having now arrived, was probably informed of what had occurred. And here the monotony was broken and the scene became dramatic. The door opened and Mr. Clero, his cane in hand, entered, glanced at Mr. Peet, the latter still in his immovable position, glanced around at the boys, and then, swinging his cane in his usual careless fashion, passed on to the remnant of the old Dutch stove, looked at and passed around it a moment, swung his cane as he turned on his heel, looked at Mr. Peet, shrugged his shoulders with a pleasant look in his face, and as he was

on the point of passing, he again shrugged his shoulders with another pleasant look at Mr. P. The latter watched him, and we all saw he had made an effort to restrain a broad smile, and had failed. The case was growing ludicrous.

Only a minute or two could have elapsed before Mr. Peet must have understood he was on superfluous duty, for he left the room. In an instant, and as soon as the door closed, there was something that might have happened in the event of a fire or an earthquake. Had Mr. Peet stayed away all would have passed off in the usual quiet manner, but the events narrated had stirred them up. The excitement burst. Twenty boys sprang to their feet. Genet threw himself to the door at two or three steps, and, laughing with all his might, imitated Mr. Clero to the letter. Assuming a supposed cane, the bent form and shuffle, he passed on to the stove, glanced at and around it, swung the cane, turned on his heel, came back, shrugged his shoulders twice, each time working up smilingly and with a twist of his mouth, all exactly as Mr. Clero had done. The effort and oddity of the thing fairly overcame him, and he swung into his chair, spread half his body and both arms across the table and laughed as if he would die. Of course the laugh was general.

At morning prayers a half an hour later, Mr. Gallaudet, our President, officiated. He looked sorrowful and tried to look severe, as he told us a wrong had been done, but severity was no part of his nature. I cannot help thinking that he must have laughed at the affair in private. He told us that we had been having exceptionally cold weather, that many poor people were worse off, and that we should be patient.

I would cast unfavorable reflections upon Mr. Peet. He was one of our very best teachers, faithful and successful—more so than most. He simply misunderstood the situation at the moment.

After a week or two one of the actors in the stove smashing confessed in some way. It is hard to keep a secret of this kind. Three were engaged in what over-ordery people would call the nefarious transaction, and these three were sent to the shop to work till they earned the cost of a new stove, exactly like the old, and costing exactly three dollars. The result of all however, was that the Directors were compelled to think of something besides their lodgers, and their cent per cent; and when another winter came around, we had a large, commodious stove, and there was no more suffering from cold.

Wm. Earnest, who is yet living, can tell all about it.

Prof. Job Turner at Sea Again.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I avail myself of being on board the stannish steamboat Forest City, to write you what has transpired since I wrote to you from Fall River, where I was truly much better treated than I expected.

We are now having very beautiful moonlight, in spite of which I am resting in my state room, as I am very much fatigued. You may imagine how sweet I find it to rest after a long journey. Mr. Samuel Hamilton is on board with me, on his way to Maine to solicit funds for the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. I left Fall River for Marblehead last Friday forenoon, and reached the latter place in time to take part in the closing exercises of the meeting, an account of which Mr. William B. Swett has, no doubt, sent you for publication.

It was a decided success. I had the pleasure of meeting the venerable Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., Prof. Atwood, of Newburyport, Mr. Sanger, of Westboro, the two Chapmans of Salem, and many other deaf-mutes.

The deaf-mute ladies of Marblehead had a fair of their own, I believe, the first fair ever held by any deaf-mutes in this State. They made almost one hundred dollars. I would like to prepare a full detailed account of the meeting and fair, but I left it with Mr. Swett, who wields a ready pen. Among the deaf-mute ladies of Marblehead was Miss Whippin, a semi-mute, who can talk like a speaking lady. She lost her hearing by scarlet fever at the age of seven years, which did not discourage her. She learned to talk under the tuition of a speaking teacher. She never attended any deaf-mute school, but went to a private school ten or more years, where she was successfully taught to speak, for she can talk very well. She has also learned our sign language.

Dr. Gallaudet and myself went from Marblehead to Salem on Saturday afternoon. He baptized a bright child of Mr. and Mrs. Southwick, at St. Peter's Church. After the ceremony, Mr. Brown and myself called to see Mr. Packard for a few minutes, after which we took the Portsmouth train for Boston, and put up at the Quincy House, a good hotel for travelers.

Last Sunday morning I was present at Dr. Gallaudet's preaching in the chapel of the Good Shepherd, and partook of the Trinity Sunday Communion. In the afternoon he preached to a larger number of deaf-mutes than usual.

After tea, Mr. Gallaudet and myself went to Cambridgeport. He there preached in a well-fitted church, in the presence of fourteen deaf-mutes, for whom he interpreted what was said out of the Book of Common Prayer. It was a very interesting sight to the hearing audience.

Yesterday Messrs. Brown, Homer and I went to the Episcopal Missionary rooms in Hamilton Place, Boston, where we had a very pleasant time with Dr. Gallaudet, who had just returned from Cambridgeport, where he had spent the night with the rector of the church.

Messrs. Brown and Homer, and I went to the Lowell Depot to bid farewell to Mr. Brown, who was carried off to New Hampshire by the iron horse.

Dr. Gallaudet has invited me to conduct a service in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Sunday, and to deliver the closing lecture before the Manhattan Literary

Association and I have accepted. I shall take advantage of this service, and be present at the annual exhibition of the New York Institution, which I have never witnessed.

I left Boston on board the boat at 7 o'clock, and am so sleepy that I can hardly keep my eyes open. We shall end our voyage at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Interesting Baptismal Services at Lowell, Mass.

LOWELL, MASS., June 7th, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Last Sabbath morning was one of the loveliest mornings I ever remember. I arose earlier than usual, (as we are apt to take an hour or two more for sleep on Sabbath mornings, which perhaps is not right), dressed quickly and accompanied some deaf-mute friends to the Merrimack river to witness the beautiful and interesting ordinance of baptism. There was a large gathering. The bank was crowded with those who had made extra efforts to be present by rising early and walking quite a distance to see six candidates buried with Christ in baptism—typical of our Saviour's death and resurrection. While we were anxiously waiting, we saw a long way off two coaches containing the candidates for baptism winding their way down the bank to the water. It was a very solemn and interesting sight, and I seemed to see in my mind our Saviour descending the bank of Jordan with the prophet of God to be baptized in the Jordan.

One of those baptized was our friend and sister, Miss Jackson, who has lately given her heart to God and is very happy in serving Him.

In the evening we had a Bible class meeting, although our attendance was very small, several of the mutes remaining at home; but we enjoyed the meeting. It was pleasant and profitable to all present. We do not feel like giving up our Sunday Bible class, we enjoy it so very much. I hope the Spirit of God will continue to work in our city till every deaf-mute is converted. I want all to enjoy heaven. As we have been deprived of sound all our lives, I hope we shall all have the privilege of enjoying the heavenly music.

EYE WITNESS.

New York and Vicinity Notes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Yesterday your correspondent, in company with several deaf-mute friends, went on a pleasant visit over to Blackwell's Island. The day was not quite as bright and sunny as one could wish, but, nevertheless, it was cool. In fact we have had very doubtful weather nearly all the past week, with alternate sunshine and shadow.

About ten o'clock in the morning, we walked down to the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, where the ferry-boat Bellevue was waiting to convey visitors to the several islands, on which different charitable State institutions are erected. As the Bellevue touched Ward's Island, (on which a homeopathic hospital rears its walls on elevated ground), we stopped off for lunch; and in a short time we went on board again, and soon found ourselves at Blackwell's Island.

At about two o'clock they had concert for the amusement and pleasure of the poor, half-witted lunatics. These concerts are quite frequent. On this occasion Gillmore Band played. The Union stars and stripes were flying from the flag-staffs of the ferry-boats which ply between the city and the islands. Everything was clean and neat, but the faces of the poor, crazy people were a pitiable sight, and the screams and yells from the mad-house were dreadful to hear, though our own ears were closed to all human sounds.

Much pleased with our visit, we reached home at about six o'clock in the evening. The same party of friends were at the island on the 2d of last month, when the Duke Alexis of Russia and his suite were also visiting the island and several others.

Mr. Daniel Riedel and Mrs. Ellen Landy, of our city, were married by Dr. Gallaudet, on the evening of Decoration Day, May 30th. Mrs. R. was educated in the South and the West. We have been told that she came from Leeds, England.

Mr. C. DeCoursney, of Louisville, Kentucky, was in this city about three weeks ago. He called at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and seemed much pleased with what he saw there. Mr. DeCoursney was married to a wealthy Southern deaf-mute young lady, last January. He is a highly intelligent semi-mute gentleman, and a graduate of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He is a traveling book agent, and a few years ago he made a good round sum of money weekly in this kind of business. He has written several choice articles and some pieces of poetry, which are published in pamphlet form. Mr. DeC. expects to visit this city again in the fall.

Mr. C. D. Little, who has for some years past been a clerk in the New York Institution, has just relinquished his position there, and turned grocer in Sing Sing, N. Y. Perhaps he finds this sort of business more lucrative for him.

Miss Fanny Smith, a graduate of the N. Y. Institution's High Class of 1859, is on a visit to her relatives and friends here. We hope that she will enjoy her short stay East. Fanny was a classmate of mine. We had not seen her for nearly ten years.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. VanTassel, was born on her father's birthday, May 12.

Sunday, the 3d inst., was Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's fifty-fifth birthday. At the afternoon service for deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church, on that day, he announced that Prof. Job Turner would be in the city before the 24th inst., and take part

in service for deaf-mutes at the church on that day. He will also address the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association on the evening of the 28th inst. Let the attendance be a large one.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Kipp on the 2d inst. They have named him James Albert.

GIBRALTAR.

New York, June 23d, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Portland, Me.

PORTLAND, ME., May 29, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have just seated myself to write you what I have done since my arrival here. We landed this morning at four o'clock, after a quick passage of nine hours. I am now stopping at the United States Hotel, one of the best known in this country.

After breakfast I met Mr. Hamilton who introduced me to Messrs. Marshall, Small and Dixon, who said they were glad to see me and wished me to conduct a service in this city. The former is a graduate of the Hartford school, and the other of the Halifax school. Perhaps I shall conduct a service in St. Luke's Cathedral next Thursday night if nothing prevents. I hope there will be a good number of deaf-mutes and others present at the meeting.

I called to see Bishop Neely of the Episcopal church, on important business, but they told me he was in New York and would not return for two weeks. I had the pleasure of calling on Hon. W. W. Thomas, one of the best and richest citizens here, who received me with the cordiality of a true friend.

I called to see the deaf-mute school of which Miss True has the charge. I witnessed the exercises of her school. One of her girls, seven years old, could translate a sentence spoken to her into writing on the board. Time forbids my writing longer as I have an engagement to call and see a gentleman on important business which demands my attention.

I am about starting for Gray, Maine, to stay about three days for a rest with some of my old classmates. I shall return here next Thursday afternoon to hold a service.

Yours truly,
JOB TURNER.

Base Ball Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 18, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Last Saturday, the 12th inst., the Silent Base Ball Club was to have played the Mutuals of this city, but owing to the inability of the latter to play us, we accepted the challenge of the Experts of this institution, and proceeded to the grounds near the corner of 30th street and Ridge Ave., where an unusually fine game was played. Both clubs played well, and the batting and fielding was better than ever before. Several fine hits were made on both sides, and Anthony of the Experts scored the only home-run in the game.

The great event of the day among base ball players was the match game between the Athletics and Philadelphians, and a few of our best players, including the pitcher, were absent to witness that game. The substitutes filled their places in a satisfactory manner. At the close of the game the score stood 26 to 18 in favor of the Silent as will be seen by the following score:

SILENT.	R. O.	EXPERTS.	R. O.
Schaal, C.	5	Anthony, C.	4
Almough, 1b.	2	407 Neil, 1b.	3
Natter, P.	3	3 Tyne, 3b.	1
Widaman, L.F.	4	Williams, S. S.	4
Bruth, R. F.	2	4 Maguin, 2b.	1
Oakes, 2b.	1	5 Frederick, L. F.	4
McGinnis, C. F.	5	12 Delany, 2b.	1
Geavy, 3b.	1	5 Klingensmith, 3b.	3
Bobb, S. S.	3	3 Hummel, 2b.	2
	26 27		18 27
INNINGS.			
1	2	3	4

Umpire, John Kalanda, Scorer, Chas. H. Mare. Time of game, two hours.

Yours, O. M.

Letter from the New York Institution.

BASE BALL MATTERS AND OTHER AMUSEMENTS IN NEW YORK—NEW CLUB.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, NEW YORK, June 9, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Summer with her heat and sultry breath has at length arrived, compelling us to leave our winter houses and seek refreshment in the thick shade of the spreading beech. Nature has awakened from her lethargy and assumed her light transparent garment of green. The budding of the flowers, the warbling of the birds and frisking of the lambs all betoken the glad welcome which she receives. Nor is it the birds, the lambs or flowers which alone welcome her advent; all creation joins in the joyous strains. It is at this time that out-door amusement and moderate pleasures are most courted. Americans, as a class, have seldom given much attention to amusements of any kind, being naturally an industrious and enterprising people. This is well enough, but physical exercise and mental rest, are essential to health, and health is essential to the proper conducting of any business enterprise.

Now, however, Americans are beginning to take more interest in all kinds of out-door sports, especially those of yachting, racing, swimming, croquet, base ball, and polo. Quite attractive programmes have been prepared which promise to help in making the hot months of July and August pass pleasantly to those of New York and vicinity whose circumstances will not permit them to visit any of the sea-side resorts. Here croquet, boating and base-ball form the main means of diversion. During recreation hours the grounds present a pleasing and animated picture. Croquet is mostly sought after by the young ladies, but even some of them are very good at ball-catching, and put to shame

some of our aspiring base-ballists. We have many excellent players among us, those of the Hudsons being accounted first-class. This club has long held the championship over all others in the neighborhood of the Institute. But now a new club has been organized which promises to eclipse even the Hudsons. It is known as the Amicus and consists of those pupils residing in New York city, who intend to keep together during the coming vacation, and try some of the crack nines for which this city is so famous. The club consists of McFaul, pitcher and captain; Haydon, 1st base; Scott, catcher; Smith, 2d base; Shelton, left field; Jones, center field; Mahoney, right field. The uniforms are of the same pattern as the Hudsons' except that they use caps, and have red white and blue stockings instead of red. The club will be under the management of M. McFaul, Thos. F. Fox and W. Scott.

It gave us much pleasure to read in the JOURNAL of the continued success of the "Kendalls," and if it were possible, we should like to arrange a match between them and the Amicus club. If the Kendalls intend to make a tour to any of the middle States we would like to have them give us a call, and they will be heartily received.

WILL WIMBLE.

A Deaf-Mute Lady Suggests Practical Texts.

MR. EDITOR:—Please insert a few words in your paper about judgments:

"Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

"And be ye kind one to another, and tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Let brotherly love continue.

"I hope 'Justice' and others will learn a good lesson."

A FRIEND.

Prof. Job Turner at Gray, Me., Again.

GRAY, ME., May 30, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I wish to furnish you with some incidents of my visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hiram P. Hunt, before I leave for Portland, where I shall go to-morrow morning.

Their bright daughter Florence met me at the depot, and brought me to their house. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt again gave me a very warm welcome. We had an interesting talk till bed-time, when I was asked to conduct family worship. I chose for my subject Romans 16:20.

Mr. Hunt and I went to call upon Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Curtis, after tea. We found them well. Their house stands on a high hill, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. From it can be seen the Grand Trunk and Central Maine railroads.

I found everything looking very green here. I have been about Mr. Hunt's farm to-day, and find his trees heavily laden with blossoms, from which I think he will have plenty of fruit this summer. Miss Whitney is now here to assist Mrs. Hunt. I am so much fatigued that I must retire to rest. I start for Portland early in the morning with Mr. Hunt.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Honors to Gen. Grant.

LONDON, June 19.—At the Reform Club dinner Mr. Foster in his speech paid a marked compliment to President Hayes upon his reunion policy.

Earl Granville, in toasting "the illustrious statesman and warrior, Gen. Grant," said English and American civilization throughout the universe, recognized in Grant one of those extraordinary instruments of Divine Providence bestowed in its beneficence to the human race.

General Grant, in responding, said: "Words would fail, especially within the limitations of a public speech, to express my feelings in this regard. I hope, when an opportunity is offered me, in more deliberate moments, to put on record my grateful recognition of the fraternal sentiments of the English people and the desire of America to adequate return. The speech of Earl Granville has inspired thoughts in my bosom which it is impossible for me adequately to present. Never have I lamented so much as now my poverty in phrase, to give due expression to my affection for the mother country."

General Grant spoke under the pressure of unusual feeling, and continued with unusual eloquence to express the hope that his words, so far as they had any value, would be heard in both countries, and lead to a union of the English-speaking people and the fraternity of the human race. Grant's speech was frequently interrupted with applause. On resuming his seat, the health of the ex-President was drunk amid tumultuous applause.

News of the Week.

Five hundred men were set to work on the new capital, Saturday.

Fifteen sea lions arrived in New York, Saturday, from San Francisco, six for shipment to London and Paris.

Thirty-two freshmen were suspended at Princeton College, Saturday, on account of their behavior toward the incoming class.

Imman E. Page delivered the class day oration at Brown University, Providence, R. I., Friday. He is the first colored graduate of the institution.

A terrific hail storm visited Livingston county, Ill., Thursday, doing much damage.

A span of the new county bridge over Oil creek, at Oil Creek, Pa., fell Thursday evening, killing Joseph Simmons, and fatally injuring Alexander Hecker.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

BOSTON, June 16, 1877.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—Another Centennial Jubilee has been held. It is the 100th anniversary of

OUR FLAG

which we have just celebrated. The history of this good old flag is interesting to us all. It appears that the first known movement toward the adoption of a national flag occurred at Cambridge in 1775, when Dr. Franklin and two other gentlemen met at Washington's camp and decided in favor of the King's colors (the red cross of St. George on a white field and white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field), with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, being the flag already adopted by the East India Company. Nothing, however, appears to have been done by Congress about this proposition. It has been thought that the idea of the stripes might have been suggested to Washington by the banner of the Philadelphia Light Horse, which escorted him to Cambridge, their banner having thirteen stripes, blue and silver. The origin of the stars is unknown, although there were stars on Washington's own coat of arms. It is a curious fact, whether pertinent or not, that the colors of the flag are those of Washington's christening robe, still extant, which is of white silk, lined with crimson and decorated with blue ribbons. When a committee of Congress, accompanied by Washington, called upon Mrs. Ross, an upholsterer in Philadelphia, in 1777, to get her to make a flag from a rough drawing they had brought with them, she suggested some changes in the design, especially that the stars be made five-pointed instead of six-pointed (following the French form, while adoption of the English practice gave us the six-pointed star on our coinage), and Washington himself drew the new sketch in her back parlor. Mrs. Ross afterward was appointed flag-maker to the Government, and the office continued in the family till about thirty years ago. The first land battle fought under the stars and stripes was the battle of the British at Fort Mifflin, August 2, 1777—the flag on that occasion having been made from one of the garrison soldier's shirts and from a blue cloak. In 1789-92 the Columbia, Capt. Gray, of Boston, carried the flag for the first time around the world.

Among all the vicissitudes of its existence, the starry flag never looked brighter or better than it does to-day. Long may it wave over the land of the free and the brave.

HURRAH!

We, Hubbers, are to entertain a live president soon. Mr. Hayes, of Washington, with a few of his head clerks, promises to visit Boston on the 27th of June. Already the military toggery of our citizen soldiery is being cleaned up for the occasion, and all the faithful (office-holders and seekers) are growing patriotic. We shall, no doubt, have quite a time in entertaining our President.

HOT WEATHER

Is upon us. The daily stamped of humanity to the seaside and country is marvelous. It is a blessed thing to have the time and money for recreation and enjoyment; but to the slaves of business who are chained to industrial pursuits, the hot weather is a terror—and the city a prison. The owner of a "lodge in some vast wilderness," must be happy during the heated term.

BOAT RACES

Are now in order. Daily trials are reported, and fancy oarsmen, (half naked), can be seen at all hours of the day, practicing their muscular skill. Well, times have changed. Once labor developed muscle—now the bat, and oar and dumb bells are required for the same purpose. Progressive age, this.

The magnificent silver service, formerly the property of Daniel Webster and used by him on State occasions during his term of office as Secretary of State, has recently been purchased by the Somerset Club of this city.

YANKEE.

Gen. Grant in London.

LONDON, June 15.—Gen. Grant was presented with the honor of the freedom of London at the Guildhall to-day. About 800 ladies and gentlemen, including several members of the government, American consuls, merchants and principal trade and commerce representatives, were invited to a *dejeuner* subsequent to the civic ceremony. The entrances to the hall and corridors of the Guildhall were laid with crimson cloth, and the walls decorated with mirrors and exotics.

The guests commenced to arrive about half-past eleven o'clock, and from that time until half-past twelve a steady stream of carriages poured into the Guildhall yard. Gen. Grant arrived about one o'clock.

He was received at the entrance of Guildhall by a deputation consisting of four aldermen, with their chairman, six members of the city land committee, including the mover and seconder of the resolution for presenting the freedom of the city, and was conducted to the library, where he was received by the lord mayor, and took a seat on the dais on the left of his lordship, who occupied a chair as president of the special court of common council, at which were assembled most of the members of the corporation, the aldermen wearing scarlet robes, and common councilmen the mazarine gowns.

The resolution of the court was read by the town clerk, and General Grant after an address had been made by the chamberlain, was admitted to the freedom of the city, the chamberlain extending the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London, which was cordially grasped and renewed applause.

General Grant, in his reply referred

to the pleasant relations existing between the United States and Great Britain. He said he always desired peace, even if he had to fight for it. He was delighted with the reception given him in England, which he accepted as an honor to the American people. He expressed the hope that England and America would always be at peace, and believed nothing could occur to disturb the peaceful relations now so firmly established between the two countries.

He then subscribed his name to the roll of honorary freeman, which concluded the business of the Special Court.

LONDON, June 15.—General Grant was accompanied by Mrs. Grant and Minister and Mrs. Pierpont. Among the gentlemen present were Sir Stafford Northcote, and many members of Parliament. A gold casket, containing the freedom of the city has on the obverse central panel a view of the capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the monogram and arms of the lord mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to Guild Hall and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, also in gold, finely modeled and chased, representing the city of London, and the United States, and bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns of laurel wreathed with corn and cotton, and

Derivation of the word Humbug.

Among the many issues of base coin which from time to time were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by James II. at the Dublin mint. It was composed of anything on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper, and brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that twenty shillings of it was only worth two-pence sterling. William III., a few days after the Battle of the Boyne, ordered that the crown piece and half crown should be taken as one penny and one-half penny respectively. The soft, mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed was known among the Irish as Uim bog, pronounced Oom bug, i. e., soft copper, i. e., worthless money; and in the course of their dealings the modern use of the word *humbug* took its rise, as in the phrase, "That's a piece of *uimbug*." Hence the word *humbug* came to be applied to anything that had a specious appearance, but which was in reality spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of *humbug*, i. e., false metal, is the word *sterling*, which is also taken from a term applied to the true coinage of Great Britain, as *sterling coin, sterling worth*, etc.

National Cemeteries.

Since the war about eighty national cemeteries have been laid out. Twenty five of the most important over 200,000 men have been buried. They are as follows:

Nashville, Tenn.,	21,000
Vicksburg, Miss.,	15,500
Fredricksburg, Va.,	15,100
Arlington Heights, Va.,	15,000
Memphis, Tenn.,	14,000
Anderson, Ga.,	13,700
Atlanta, Ga.,	10,000
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	9,600
Chalmette, La.,	9,000
Beaufort, S. C.,	7,500
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.,	7,400
Richmond, Va.,	6,400
Corinth, Va.,	5,600
Petersburg, Va.,	5,500
Mount City, Ill.,	5,100
City Point, Va.,	5,100
Hampton, Va.,	5,100
Antietam, Md.,	4,700
Winchester, Va.,	4,400
Cave Hill, Ky.,	3,900
Port Hunson, La.,	3,600
Stiloh, Tenn.,	3,600
Gettysburg, Pa.,	3,500
Cypress Hill, L. I.,	3,300

—Miss Mary Brown, of Adams, has been visiting at her uncle's, Mr. T. G. Brown's, in this village.

—Rev. B. F. Barker, of Camden, was in town last week. He likes his new field of labor very much.

—H. C. Peck, who has been confined to the house lately with sore eyes, is so as to be on our streets again.

—The New York Paper Barrel Company has commenced operations in Pulaski, making heads and hoops.

—Goodwin Brown, who has been home on a visit two or three weeks, returned to Hartford Monday night.

—We regret to learn that Mrs. Chas. Richardson of Colosse, (sister of Timothy Skinner, of this village) is dangerously ill.

—Frank Carpenter is having a wall laid on the line between his place and Mrs. B. Gregory's, and then will grade his lot.

—Two gates at the Orchard lock of the Oswego canal were carried away Thursday. Four days required for repairs.

—Gardner Wilson, one of the last of the original inhabitants of the town of Hannibal, is dead, aged seventy-seven years.

—Albert Scott, of the Salmon River House, Pulaski, died June 9th, from the effect of a sunstroke received the day before.

—E. B. Judson and others, of Syracuse, have stocked a farm in Constantia with sheep, crosses of long and fine wool breeds from Ohio.

—Because of the prevalence of small pox the school road, in Scriba, near the Lansing Hall house, has been fenced off and travel stopped.

—Simson Parkhurst is quite sick with erysipelas. Nehemiah Webb is clerking it for him, and considering his youth and inexperience he does exceedingly well.

—A pocket-book was found on Church St., this week. The owner can have the same by calling on Miss Hattie Baker, opposite the M. E. church, proving property and paying charges.

—Rev. Avery Walker of Gloversville, is visiting his father, Hiram Walker of Union Square, and will preach in the Presbyterian church in this village, next Sunday, morning and evening.

—The Semi-Centennial Reunion pamphlets of Mexico Academy will be ready for distribution to subscribers at the Academy Exercises next week, and will be mailed to those who have subscribed as rapidly as possible.

—The cylinder head of the locomotive Paris, on the Syracuse Northern Division of the R. W. & O. railroad, blew off while the locomotive was drawing a train into Sandy Creek station a few evenings since. No one was injured.

Mexico Academy.

The Anniversary Exercises will occur as follows:
Examinations, Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday.
Thursday afternoon, June 21, Undergraduate Exhibition.
Thursday evening, Annual Address by Chancellor E. O. Haven, of the Syracuse University.
Friday afternoon, June 22, Exercises of the Graduating class.
Music by Hinton's Orchestra of Syracuse.

Real Estate Sales.

Cyrus L. Head to Nathaniel B. Ball, land in New Haven, \$130. March, 1869.
Abby Ball to George Ball, land in New Haven, \$1,500. May, 1877.
Edwin Jones to Charles E. C. Kelsey, land in Scriba, \$1,150. April, 1877.
Nelson Smith to Samuel Stewart, land in Redfield, \$160.48.
Daniel Goodwin to Thomas G. Brown et al., land in Mexico, \$4,000. October, 1872.
Harriet A. Fitch to Abram H. Riker, land in Hastings, \$500. March, 1868.
Wm. Bracy to Wm. H. Watson, land in New Haven, \$900. June, 1877.
Jane A. Duryea, et al. to William H. Watson, land in New Haven, \$563.23. Dec., 1876.
Lewis B. Doley to Daniel Boone, land in Hastings, \$800. April, 1877.
Deborah Chaffee to Ezekiel Gardner, land in Palermo, \$650. November, 1875.
Webster M. Richardson et al. to Richard E. Sill, Jr., land in Hastings, \$661. May, 1877.
Richard E. Sill to Jacob Carmontry, land in Hastings, \$221. May, 1877.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, constiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating, and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfeeling remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is Da Costa's Radical Cure.
Sold by E. L. Huntington, druggist, Mexico, N. Y.
A 25c bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself!

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it.
Mexico, May 31, 1877.
MESSRS. WOODRUFF & COBB.—My wife has thoroughly tested the California Soap Plant Powder, and finds it to be all that is claimed for it. With one-fourth of a package she did the washing for a family of six persons, as per directions on package, with more ease than in the ordinary way of using soap. She says that it excels every preparation she has ever tried, without any exceptions or washing machines or boilers. It leaves the clothes looking white and clean, and does not effect the hands so unpleasantly as soap does. Believing it to be of real utility, I most cordially recommend it to the public.
Truly Yours,
W. S. GOODELL.

Two New grades of Uncolored Jap Teas, at 50 and 65c., which beat all others. Try us.
WOODRUFF & COBB.

[From the Rondout Freeman.]
Sowing and Reaping.

It is not our custom to cite illustrations of the benefit of advertising which in the very nature of the case must inure to the advantage of parties whose name we are compelled to mention, but the case of Dr. Kennedy, of this place, is so remarkable of the kind that for once we make an exception of him. After much careful experimenting the doctor became convinced that he had found—or rather deduced from elements previously known, but never so compounded—a medicine capable in itself of doing an immense amount of good to his suffering fellow men. He was morally certain that the great and intelligent public would be altogether of his way of thinking touching the virtues of his discovery if he could only get it before them. Like a sensible man he began to invest a portion of his capital in newspaper advertisements. He had not long to wait for the visible and sensible effect of this course. Orders began to drop in one by one and then a steady bombardment of them opened upon this enterprising physician and surgeon. The Favorite Remedy soon became as well known as Dickens' Pickwick Papers or Webster's Dictionary. When people felt themselves in suffering or distress from Liver and Kidney diseases, Constipation of the Bowels, or any of those complaints peculiar to females, so subtle in character and so difficult of treatment by the ordinary modes, they bought the Favorite Remedy, used it and were healed. Now, we don't know that we are under any special obligation to Dr. Kennedy, but in order to draw the moral to enforce which this article was written, we are obliged to give him the benefit of this implied advertisement. And that moral is this: When you have something to sell which is worth public attention do as Dr. Kennedy did with the Favorite Remedy—advertise it. A great patronage has rewarded him, and the same wisdom will secure the same result for you. 32-4

A contract has been entered into with the Syndicate to sell the new four per cent loan; Americans are to have the privilege of subscribing first.

NEW HAVEN.

The M. E. Ministerial and Theological Association met in the M. E. Church last Monday evening and Tuesday and evening. Those that attended the exercises throughout the session say they were very interesting. Rev. Mr. Longstreet's sermon (subject, "The Personality and Influence of the Devil") on Monday evening, was an able production, and highly instructive, as was also Rev. Mr. Cosgrove's, on Tuesday evening.

It was decided to hold the annual camp meet at Dempster Grove, commencing Wednesday, August 29, and closing Wednesday, September 5. The next meeting of the Association was appointed to be held at Parish, commencing October 1.

The funeral services of Mrs. Hall (mother of Lewis and Braddock Hall, of this place, and Mrs. Geo. Howard, of Mexico), were held in the M. E. Church, last Saturday, conducted by Rev. E. Waugh.

The Teachers' Association for this town met last Saturday at the village school-house. A goodly number was present, and more interest was manifested than at some previous meetings. The Commissioner, Mr. Simpson, gives very flattering accounts of the schools in this town, and is laboring hard to get them worked up to as high a standard as possible.

OCCASIONAL.
New Haven, June 13, 1877.

Capt. Henry J. Daggett and his sister, Mrs. Capt. George H. Snow, have erected in the cemetery at New Haven, an elegant monument of Italian marble. It is an arch, mounted on two pillars four feet apart, and each pillar twenty inches square. The keystone in the arch has engraved on it a heart, anchor and cross. Around them are the masonic letters, "T. K. S. H. T. W. S. S." and surrounding the key stone is a round ball weighing three hundred and eighty-two pounds. The height of the monument is eleven feet. On one pillar is inscribed, "Capt. Geo. H. Snow, born in New Haven, May 16, 1830. Lost with the schooner Corair, on Lake Huron, Sept. 29, 1872." There is also engraved on the stone a quadrant, hour glass, anchor and cable. On the other side are inscribed the names of Capt. Daggett's father and mother. The design is entirely original and was planned by Capt. Daggett.—*Our Palladium.*

"WHEN WORKMEN STRIVE TO DO BETTER THAN WELL, THEY DO CONFOUND THEIR SKILL IN COVERTNESS."

The application of this is also found in boasts of better things than the reality. Just as "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," so is the excellence of clothing proved in the wearing. This is of itself sufficient explanation of the great crowds that are buying clothing at Kent & Miller's 18 and 20 South Salina street.

The demand for their FINE BLUE FLANNEL SUITS has already exhausted the large stock on hand at the opening of the season, and new supplies are being manufactured by hundreds as rapidly as possible. Their stock of

HOT WEATHER CLOTHING was never better than at present, and in person or by correspondence, perfect satisfaction may be assured. In *Worsted*, in *Linen*, in *Alpaca* and in *Cheviot* goods their stock is complete.

Style and quality are essential requisites, while their Prices are always at the lowest cash point.
White Vests and Linen Dusters of the best qualities and certain to please are always on demand.
at KENT & MILLER'S,
18 and 20 South Salina St., Syracuse.

NORTH VOLNEY.

We are now receiving the carresses of nature, decked in its loveliest hue. Woods, fields, flowers and birds are rejoicing amid sunlight and showers.

We hear discouraging reports from the farmers about the potato bugs. The army of these pests is increasing with frightful rapidity. It is unnecessary to give particulars. They are everywhere, and it will require expeditions and hard work this season for any one to raise potatoes.

We have heard of one person in this vicinity who has no love in his soul for flowers, nor sees any beauty in them to adorn the pulpit. We didn't suppose before that one soul could be found that could think that the beautiful that God makes is inappropriate anywhere or on any occasion in life's journey from the cradle to the grave. But, alas! there's no accounting for taste.

EVEN.
North Volney, June 4, 1877.

That new walk on Main St., that we referred to last week, has been finished and is one of the best improvements that has been made in our village for some time. It extends from the corner of Ballard's store on Church St., along Main St. to Goit & Castle's store, and from there to Whipple's, on Jefferson St. All the merchants who have had this walk put down deserve much credit, and we do not know but we shall publish their pictures next week. The walk was laid by H. J. Allen—that carpenter who is not quite 130 years old—and his work is well done. A new walk has also been put down front of the residences of H. Ames and A. C. Thomas and the Starr Clark estate. Wm. Simons and L. H. Conklin are having a paved gutter laid before their places of business. T. Paddock is doing the paving. Main St. in front of the stores is being graded, and some of the merchants are going to have paved gutters laid in front of their stores, and we hope the rest will decide to have it done on their front also. Street Commissioner Barker has thus far shown himself thorough and judicious, and deserves much credit for the improvements that are being made upon our streets.

Luxury on the Rail.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We have been frequently asked: "What is the difference between a railroad dining car and a Pullman Hotel car?" That there is a vast difference is well known by those who have had occasion to use either; but the untraveled public are not fully advised as to the points of difference. The old-fashioned railroad eating-house is, alas! too well known: its peculiar, hastily eaten meals have been forgotten. The dining-car, then, is this well-known eating house placed on wheels, attached to the train at the usual meal hours, and hauled along for thirty, forty, or sixty miles, until the meal has been served, when it is set off on a side track, and is by the next train hauled back to its starting point, and so it runs a few miles for each meal. To get meals in this car the passenger has to work his way through the train while it is under full motion—pass from car to car, running the risks of falling between the platforms, and finally finding the car at the rear of the train. Then comes the meal, which must be hurried through with to give chance for other hungry passengers to take your place, and you must force your way back to your seat, and again run the risks of your platform passage while the train is at full speed. In such cars you may pay seventy-five cents for each meal, even if you take or need only a cup of coffee and a cracker. Bear in mind, in no case do these dining cars accompany the train from starting point to destination. They are always "cut off" and taken on as we have described. With the Pullman Hotel car the case is different in every respect. These cars are sixty to sixty-six feet long, have sixteen wheels under each, are built strong, so as to insure steady, quiet running, without the usual unpleasant side motion. Each Hotel car contains, in the order named, the following compartments:

1st. A cozy, neat and clean little kitchen, fitted up with a range, an ice and meat box, rows of shelves covered with bright silver and brighter glass ware, and all the appliances needed for preparing a sumptuous meal.

2d. A compact china and glass closet, in which is kept the table linen, cutlery, etc.

3d. A passage way, cutting off the kitchen and china closet from the rest of the car, and forming an air-chamber to prevent the smell of the cooking victuals from reaching the saloon portion of the car.

4th. The grand saloon. This is fitted up with twelve, fourteen or sixteen sections, with space for tables between each, and in these the meals are served. You, while on this car, own the space you occupy as much as you do your room at home, and no one can hurry you while at meals, nor are you forced to give it up to allow any other person to occupy it. At night, as if by magic, this saloon is changed into a boudoir, and here you rest yourself isolated, and as separated from your fellow-travelers as you would be in your own bed chamber.

5th. An elegant drawing-room, with room for six or eight persons. This is found alone in these magnificent cars. In it you and your family or party of friends may be as secluded as you please, or you can slide open the end and have the company of those in the grand saloon.

6th. Charming-arranged lavatories are petitioned off, and arranged in two distinct compartments for the separate use of ladies and gentlemen. These lavatories are supplied with pure water, clean towels, combs, brushes, and, in fact, everything the most dainty may desire for the perfect performance of an elaborate toilet.

7th. Then follow conductor's and porters' rooms, linen closets, etc.

It will thus be seen that this car is, as its name implies, a perfect modern hotel, with all of its appliances and comforts complete. This car is taken on at the commencement of the journey, and is part of the train to its destination. In it you get your sleeping compartments and your meal accommodations, while neither encroach upon the other. Envious dining-car employes, who are paid to deery this form of Hotel car, cannot, with anything like truth on their side, give any valid or conclusive reasons for preferring the dining to the Hotel car, and they only chatter in favor of their dining car because they are paid to do so. These Hotel cars have run from New York to San Francisco and back with Emperor Dom Pedro—with Jarrett & Palmer's party, that traveled almost at lightning speed—with many a party of California bonanza kings; and all join in pledging their honor that the cars are incomparable.

Two lines of these celebrated cars run between New York and Chicago, and one line only between Chicago and Omaha. It may be needless to say that this last-named line runs over the steel track of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. That these cars are attracting a large share of the California travel, both ways, might easily be conjectured. Any road deserves to be patronized that is enterprising enough to give the traveling public such facilities as are freely tendered by the Chicago & North-Western Railway on its California line.

We have neglected to say that, in these Hotel cars, the meals are *a la carte*—you pay for what you get, and nothing more; and this at very reasonable rates.—*The Tribune*, April 7th, '77.

Last week while working the road, one of Charles Tiffany's horses got his leg over the tug, and while unfastening the tug to put it back, Mr. Tiffany received a kick which broke both bones of his leg about four inches below the knee. Dr. Huntington was called and set the leg with the assistance of Dr. Low of Pulaski. We understand that Mr. Tiffany is as comfortable as could be expected.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains

MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

Reading Expressly Designed

For the benefit of the

Deaf and Dumb,

consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY

That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS:

Our Paper, notwithstanding the

Unusually Low Price

for one of its contents and worth, will, as heretofore, continue to be mailed to subscribers, postage free, terms positively

CASH IN ADVANCE,

at the following low figures:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1 50
One copy six months, 75
Clubs of ten, 1 25

These prices are invariably. Never send money in an ordinary letter. Remit in drafts post-office money orders, or by registered letters.

Address,
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I.—Order of Creation. (Chart, 20x28).

II.—Arcana of Nature Revealed.

Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axioms of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00

Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00

III.—Circle of Religion & Science. (Chart 20x28).

IV.—Landscapes of History.

Based on Circles, Twelve Axioms of History, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$3.00

Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$2.00

V.—Inner Life Night Thoughts.

Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c.

Bound in two vols., 12mo., 1.50

One vol., 12mo., .75

Ten per cent. off to Ministers.

These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Science.

M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send Stamp for Pamphlet-Circulars, &c.

The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by anyone of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$60 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home overnight. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 14-ly

A REMARKABLE REMEDY!

Cheiroline

For the Cure of Chapped Lips and Hands and all Irritation of the Skin.

SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER PREPARATION!

46-4m

ITALWAYS CURES.

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

CHA J. BEEBE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office, in Morse & Irish's Insurance office, Main St., Mexico.

J. U. MANWAREN, M. D.

MEXICO, N. Y.
Office Jefferson St., opposite Post office.
Residence corner of Main and Railroad street.
Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty. SATURDAYS of each week special office days. All calls promptly attended. 25

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Mexico Hotel, Entrance on Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All cases will receive prompt attention. 24-ly

REAL HAIR SWITCHES

For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madam Foy's patent Corset Skirt Supporter. Mexico, May 19, 1875.

H. H. DOBSON,

Dentist.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain always on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

J. D. HARTSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store Main St.

Wm. H. HALL,

Barber and Hair Dresser.

Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies' and children's hair. Shop on Main street, Mexico.

DIVORCES

Legally and quietly obtained in every State and Territory, for INCOMPATIBILITY and other causes, no matter where the parties reside. 13 years' experience. Fee after decree. All letters confidential. Address

A. J. DEXTER,

Att'y, Rooms 8 & 9, 132 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Unquestionable references given. Correspondence with the legal profession invited. 44-ly

Carriages

AND

Wagons

OF ALL